



WINTERS TALE.

*— You perceive, She Stirs:
Start not;*

Act 3

Scene 3

P. de Laubourg del.

De laire scul.

London. Printed for J Bell, British Library Strand July 17. 1786.

Bell's Edition.

The WINTER's TALE,

B Y

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKSPERE rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the direction of,

JOHN BELL, British-Library, STRAND,

Bookseller to his Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.

M DCC LXXXVI.

334

THE WINTER TALE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

AS IT WAS PERFORMED AT THE SWAN THEATRE

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE

AND HIS SON THE EARL OF DEVON

IN THE YEAR 1613

BY JAMES WATTS

OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE

ESQ.

PRINTED BY J. STURGEON

AT THE SIGN OF THE SWAN

IN THE STRAND

LONDON

1794

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1794

OBSERVATIONS
ON THE Fable AND Composition OF
The WINTER's TALE.

THIS play, throughout, is written in the very spirit of its author. And in telling this homely and simple, though agreeable, country tale,

*Our sweetest Shakspeare, fancy's child,
Warbles his native wood notes wild.*

This was necessary to observe in mere justice to the play ; as the meanness of the fable, and the extravagant conduct of it, had misled some of great name into a wrong judgment of its merit ; which, as far as it regards sentiment and character, is scarce inferior to any in the whole collection. WARBURTON.

The story of this play is taken from the *Pleasaunt History of Dorastus and Fawnia*, written by Robert Greene.

JOHNSON.

Of this play no edition is known published before the folio of 1623.

This play, as Dr. Warburton justly observes, is, with all its absurdities, very entertaining. The character of Autolycus is very naturally conceived, and strongly represented. JOHNSON.

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

LEONTES, *King of Sicilia.*
POLIXENES, *King of Bohemia.*
MAMILLIUS, *young Prince of Sicilia.*
FLORIZEL, *Prince of Bohemia.*
CAMILLO,
ANTIGONUS, } *Sicilian Lords.*
CLEOMENES, }
DION,
Another Sicilian Lord.
ARCHIDAMUS, *a Bohemian Lord.*
ROGERO, *a Sicilian Gentleman.*
An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.
Officers of a Court of Judicature.
Old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.
Clown, his Son.
A Mariner.
Gaoler.
Servant to the old Shepherd.
AUTOLICUS, *a Rogue.*
TIME, *as Chorus.*

WOMEN.

HERMIONE, *Queen to Leontes.*
PERDITA, *Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.*
PAULINA, *Wife to Antigonus.*
EMILIA, *a Lady.*
Two other Ladies.
MOPSA, } *Shepherdesses.*
DORCAS, }
Satyrs for a Dance, Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, and Attendants.

SCENE, *sometimes in Sicilia; sometimes in Bohemia.*



The WINTER's TALE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Anti-Chamber in LEONTES's Palace. Enter CAMILLO, and ARCHIDAMUS.

Archidamus.

IF you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves: for, indeed——

Cam. 'Beseech you—— 10

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say.—We will give you
sleepy

sleepy drinks; that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely. 18

Arch. Believe me, I speak, as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot shew himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attornied, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seem'd to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a Vast; and embrac'd, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!—— 32

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise, that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physicks the subject, makes old hearts fresh: they, that went on crutches, ere he was born, desire yet their life, to see him a man. 42

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam.

Cam. Yes ; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches 'till he had one. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room of State. Enter LEONTES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, POLIXENES, and Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the watry star hath been
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne
Without a burden : time as long again 50
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks ;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt : And therefore, like a cypher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one, *we thank you*, many thousands more
That go before it.

Leo. Stay your thanks a while ;
And pay them, when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence ; that may blow 61
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
" This is put forth too truly." Besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leo. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leo. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leo. We'll part the time between's then; and in
that

70

I'll no gain-saying.

Pol. Press me not, 'beseech you, so;
There is no tongue that moves; none, none i' the
world,

So soon as your's, could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, altho'
'Twere needful I deny'd it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder,
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay,
To you a charge and trouble: to save both,
Farewel, our brother.

80

Leo. Tongue-ty'd, our queen? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace,
until

You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay. You,
sir,

Charge him too coldly: Tell him, you are sure,
All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd; say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.

Leo. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay;
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.

90

Yet

Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure

[To POLIXENES.

The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give you my commission,
To let him there a month, behind the gest
Prefix'd for his parting: yet (good deed), Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
What lady she her lord.—You'll stay?

Pol. No, madam.

100

Her. Nay, but you will.

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily!

You put me off with limber vows: But I,
Tho' you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should yet say, "Sir, no going. *Verily*,
"You shall not go;" a lady's *verily* is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go, yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees, 110
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say
you?

My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread *verily*,
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest then, madam:

To be your prisoner, should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit,
Than you to punish.

Her. Not your gaoler then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks, and your's, when you were boys:

B

You

You were pretty lordings then?

121

Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o' the two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i' the
sun,

And bleat the one at the other: what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing; no, nor dream'd, 130
That any did: Had we pursu'd that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
Boldly, *Not guilty*; the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather,
You have tript since.

Pol. O my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to us: for
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl; 140
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot!—
Of this make no conclusion; lest you say,
Your queen and I are devils. Yet, go on;—
The offences we have made you do, we'll answer;
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipt not,
With any but with us.

Leo.

Leo. Is he won yet? 150

Her. He'll stay, my lord.

Leo. At my request he would not :

Hermione, my dearest, thou ne'er spok'st
To better purpose.

Her. Never?

Leo. Never, but once.

Her. What? have I twice said well? when was't
before?

I pr'ythee, tell me; cram us with praise, and make's.
As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tongue-
less,

Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that. 160

Our praises are our wages: You may ride us

With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere

With spur we heat an acre, but to the goal.

My last good deed was, to entreat his stay;

What was my first? it has an elder sister,

Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace!

But once before I speak to the purpose: When?

Nay, let me have't; I long.

Leo. Why, that was when

Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to
death, 170

Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,

And clepe thyself my love; then didst thou utter,

"I am your's for ever!"

Her. It is *grace*, indeed.

Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose
twice:

The one for ever earn'd a royal husband ;
The other for some while a friend.

Leo. Too hot, too hot :—

[*Aside.*

To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis* on me :—my heart dances ; 180
But not for joy——not joy.—This entertainment
May a free face put on ; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent : it may, I grant ;
But to be padding palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are ; and making practis'd smiles,
As in a looking-glass ;—and then to sigh, as 'twere
The mort o' the deer ; oh, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,
Art thou my boy ? 190

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leo. I'fecks !

Why, that's my bawcock. What? hast smutch'd thy
nose ?

They say, it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat ; not neat, but cleanly, captain :
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd *neat*. Still virginalling

[*Observing POLIXENES, and HERMIONE.*

Upon his palm ?—How now, you wanton calf !
Art thou my calf ?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord. 200

Leo. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots
that I have,

To be full like me.—Yet, they say, we are

Almost

Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say any thing: But were they false,
As o'er-dy'd blacks, as winds, as waters; false
As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To say, this boy were like me. Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin-eye. Sweet villain!
Most dear'st! my collop! — can thy dam? — may't
be? —

210

Affection! thy intention stabs the centre.
Thou dost make possible things not so held;
Communicat'st with dreams — (How can this be?)
With what's unreal; Thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing. Then 'tis very credent,
Thou may'st cojoin with something; and thou dost
(And that beyond commission, and I find it),
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hardning of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

220

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How, my lord?

Leo. What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?

Her. You look,

As if you held a brow of much distraction.

Are not you mov'd, my lord?

Leo. No, in good earnest.

How sometimes nature will betray its folly!
Its tenderness; and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts, I did recoil

B i i j

T v

Twenty-three years ; and saw myself unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat ; my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornament oft does, too dangerous.
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash, this gentleman. Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money ?

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leo. You will !—why, happy man be his dole !—

My brother,

240

Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours ?

Pol. If at home, sir,

He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter :
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy ;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all :
He makes a July's day short as December ;
And, with his varying childness, cures in me
Thoughts that should thicken my blood.

Leo. So stands this squire

250

Offic'd with me : We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps. Hermione,
How thou lov'st us, shew in our brother's welcome :
Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap :
Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you will seek us,

We are yours i'the garden : Shall's attend you there ?

Leo. To your own bents dispose you ; you'll be
found,

Be

Be you beneath the sky:—I am angling now, 260
Tho' you perceive me not how I give line;

[*Aside, observing HERMIONE.*

Go to, go to!

How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!

And arms her with the boldness of a wife

[*Exeunt POLIX. HER. and Attendants. Manent*

LEO. MAM. and CAM.

To her allowing husband! Gone already;

Inch-thick, knee-deep; o'er head and ears — a
fork'd one. —

Go, play, boy, play; — thy mother plays, and I

Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue

Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamour

Will be my knell. — Go, play, boy, play. — There
have been, 270

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;

And many a man there is, even at this present,

Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,

That little thinks, she has been sluic'd in his absence;

And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by

Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't,

Whiles other men have gates; and those gates open'd,

As mine, against their will. Should all despair,

That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind

Would hang themselves. Physick for't there is
none: 280

It is a bawdy planet, that will strike

Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,

From east, west, north, and south. Be it concluded,

No

No barricado for a belly. Know it,
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage: many a thousand of us
Have the disease, and feel't not.—How now, boy?

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leo. Why, that's some comfort.

What? Camillo there?

290

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leo. Go play, Mamillius:—Thou'rt an honest man:

[Exit MAMILLIUS.]

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold;
When you cast out, it still came home.

Leo. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material.

Leo. Didst perceive it?—

They're here with me already; whispering, round-
ing:

300

Sicilia is a so-forth: 'tis far gone,

When I shall gust it last. How came't, Camillo,
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leo. At the queen's be't: good, should be per-
tinent;

But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?

For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in

More than the common blocks: Not noted, is't,

But of the finer natures? by some severals

310

Of

Of head-piece extraordinary ? lower messes,
Perchance, are to this business purblind : say.

Cam. Business, my lord ? I think, most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.

Leo. Ha !

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leo. Ay, but why ?

Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leo. Satisfy

320

The entreaties of your mistress ?—satisfy ?—
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-counsels ; wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleans'd my bosom, I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd : but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that, which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord !—

329

Leo. To bide upon't ;—Thou art not honest : or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward ;
Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining
From course requir'd : Or else thou must be counted
A servant grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent : or else a fool,
That see'st a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful ;
In every one of these no man is free,

340

But

But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
 Amongst the infinite doings of the world,
 Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
 If ever I were wilful-negligent,
 It was my folly; if industriously
 I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
 Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
 To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
 Whereof the execution did cry out
 Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear 350
 Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
 Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
 Is never free of. But, 'beseech your grace,
 Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass
 By its own visage: if I then deny it,
 'Tis none of mine.

Leo. Have not you seen, Camillo
 (But that's past doubt: you have; or your eye-glass
 Is thicker than a cuckold's horn), or heard
 (For to a vision so apparent, rumour 360
 Cannot be mute); or thought (for cogitation
 Resides not in that man, that does not think it);
 My wife is slippery? if thou wilt confess
 (Or else be impudently negative,
 To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought); then say,
 My wife's a hobby-horse; deserves a name
 As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
 Before her troth-plight: say it, and justify it.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
 My sovereign mistress clouded so, without 370
 My

My present vengeance taken : 'Shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this ; which to reiterate, were sin
As deep as that, tho' true.

Leo. Is whispering nothing ?
Is leaning cheek to cheek ? is meeting noses ?
Kissing with inside lip ? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh ? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty) horsing foot on foot ? 379
Skulking in corners ? wishing clocks more swift ?
Hours, minutes ? the noon, midnight ? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web, but theirs ; theirs only,
That would, unseen, be wicked ? is this nothing ?
Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing ;
The covering sky is nothing ; Bohemia nothing ;
My wife is nothing ; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes ;
For 'tis most dangerous. 390

Leo. Say, it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leo. It is ; you lie, you lie :
I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee ;
Pronounce thee a gross lowt, a mindless slave ;
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both : Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass. 400

Cam.

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leo. Why he, that wears her like his medal, hanging

About his neck; Bohemia:—Who, if I
Had servants true about me; that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour, as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that
Which should undo more doing: Ay, and thou
His cup-bearer (whom I, from meaner form
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship; who may'st
see

Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,
How I am gall'd), thou might'st be-spice a cup, 411
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this, and that with no rash potion,
But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work,
Maliciously, like poison. But I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.

Leo. I have lov'd thee.—Make that thy question,
and go rot! 420

Do'st think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation? sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve, is sleep; which being spotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps;
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince, my son,
Who, I do think is mine, and love as mine,

Without

In that be made more bitter. Fear o'er-shades me:
 Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
 The gracious queen; part of his theam; but nothing
 Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo,
 I will respect thee as a father, if
 Thou bear'st my life off hence. Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority, to command
 The keys of all the posterns: Please your highness
 To take the urgent hour. Come, sir, away. *Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

*The Palace. Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and
 Ladies.*

Hermione.

TAKE the boy to you: he so troubles me,
 'Tis past enduring.

1 Lady. Come, my gracious lord,
 Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1 Lady. Why, my sweet lord?

Mam. You'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if
 I were a baby still. I love you better.

2 Lady. And why so, my lord?

Mam. Not for because

Your brows are blacker (yet black brows, they say,
 Become some women best; so that there be not

Too

Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or a half moon made with a pen).

2 *Lady*. Who taught you this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces. Pray
now,

What colour are your eye-brows?

1 *Lady*. Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I've seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eye-brows. 20

2 *Lady*. Hark ye;

The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince
One of these days; and then you'll wanton with us,
If we would have you.

2 *Lady*. She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk; Good time encounter her!

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir,
now

I am for you again. Pray you, sit by us,
And tell us a tale. 30

Mam. Merry, or sad, shall it be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter:
I have one of sprights and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down. Come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprights; you're powerful
at it.

Mam. There was a man——

Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.

Mam.

Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard;—I will tell it
softly: 40

Yon' crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on then, and give't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, and Lords.

Leo. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with
him?

Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men scour so on their way: I ey'd them
Even to their ships.

Leo. How blest am I
In my just censure! in my true opinion!
Alack, for lesser knowledge!—how accurs'd
In being so blest! There may be in the cup 50
A spider steep'd, and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides
With violent hefts;—I have drunk and seen the
spider.—

Camillo was his help in this, his pander:
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All's true that is mistrusted: that false villain,
Whom I employ, was pre-employ'd by him: 60
He hath discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will: How came the posterns
So easily open?

Lord.

Lord. By his great authority,
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,
On your command.

Leo. I know't too well.—
Give me the boy; [*To HERMIONE.*] I am glad, you
did not nurse him:

Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you 70
Have too much blood in him.—

Her. What is this? sport?

Leo. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come about
her;

Away with him: and let her sport herself
With that she's big with; for it is Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say, he had not;
And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

Leo. You, my lords, 80
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say, *she is a goodly lady*, and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
'Tis pity, *she's not honest, honourable*:
Praise her but for this her without-door form
(Which on my faith deserves high speech), and
straight

The shrug, the hum, or ha—these petty brands,
That calumny doth use: Oh, I am out—
That mercy does; for calumny will sear 89
Virtue itself.—These shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
When you have said, *she's goodly*, come between,
Ere

Leo. No, if I mistake
In these foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top. Away with her to prison;
He, who shall speak for her, is far off guilty,
But that he speaks. 120

Her. There's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient, 'till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable. Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are, the want of which vain dew, 130
Perchance, shall dry your pities: but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears drown: 'Beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
The king's will be perform'd!—

Leo. Shall I be heard?

Her. Who is't that goes with me? 'beseech your
highness,

My women may be with me; for, you see,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
[To her Ladies.

There is no cause: when you shall know, your mis-
tress 141

Hath deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out: this action, I now go on,
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord,
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,

I trust,

I trust, I shall.—My women—come ; you have leave.

Leo. Go, do our bidding ; hence.

[*Exit Queen, guarded ; and Ladies.*]

Lord. 'Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir ; lest your justice Prove violence ; in the which three great ones suffer, Yourself, your queen, your son. 151

Lord. For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
I'the eyes of heaven, and to you ; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stable where
I lodge my wife ; I'll go in couples with her ;
Than when I feel and see her, no further trust her ;
For every inch of woman in the world, 161
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.

Leo. Hold your peaces.

Lord. Good my lord——

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves :
You are abus'd, and by some putter on,
That will be damn'd for't ; 'would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn him : Be she honour flaw'd,
I have three daughters ; the eldest is eleven ; 170
The second, and the third, nine, and some five ;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't ;——By mine
honour,

I'll geld 'em all : Fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations : they are co-heirs,
And I had rather glib myself, than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leo. Cease ; no more :

You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose : I see't and feel't ;
As you feel doing thus ; and see withal 180
The instruments that feel. [Striking his Brows.

Ant. If it be so,

We need no grave to bury honesty ;
There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leo. What? lack I credit?

Lord. I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,
Upon this ground : and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your suspicion ;
Be blam'd for't how you might. 190

Leo. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels ; but our natural goodness
Imparts this : which, if you (or stupified,
Or seeming so in skill) cannot, or will not
Relish as truth, like us ; inform yourselves,
We need no more of your advice : the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ord'ring on't, is all
Properly ours. 220

Ant. And I wish, my liege,

D

You

Paul. I pray you now
Call her: Withdraw yourselves. [Exeunt Gent.]

Gaol. And, madam, I must
Be present at your conference.

Paul. Well; be it so, pr'ythee. Here is such ado
[Exit Gaoler.]

To make no stain a stain, as passes colouring.

Enter EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well, as one so great and so forlorn
May hold together: On her frights and griefs 260
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater),
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in't: says, *My poor prisoner,*
I am innocent as you.

Paul. I dare be sworn:—
These dangerous, unsafe lunes o'the king! beshrew
them!

He must be told on't, and he shall: the office 270
Becomes a woman best; I'll tak't upon me.
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister;
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more: Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen;
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll shew't the king, and undertake to be

Her

Her advocate to th' loudest. We do not know,
 How he may soften at the sight o' the child ;
 The silence often of pure innocence 280
 Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
 Your honour and your goodness is so evident,
 That your free undertaking cannot miss
 A thriving issue : there is no lady living
 So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship
 To visit the next room, I'll presently
 Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer ;
 Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design ;
 But durst not tempt a minister of honour, 290
 Lest she should be deny'd.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
 I'll use that tongue I have : if wit flow from it,
 As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted
 I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it !
 I'll to the queen : please you come something nearer.

Gaol. Madam, if't please the queen to send the
 babe,

I know not what I shall incur, to pass it,
 Having no warrant. 300

Paul. You need not fear it, sir :
 The child was prisoner to the womb ; and is
 By law and process of great nature, thence
 Free'd and enfranchis'd : not a party to
 The anger of the king ; nor guilty of,
 If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Gaol. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear; upon mine honour, I
Will stand betwixt you and danger. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

*Changes to the Palace. Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS,
Lords, and other Attendants.*

Leo. Nor night, nor day, no rest:—It is but
weakness 310

To bear the matter thus; mere weakness, if
The cause were not in being;—part o'the cause,
She, the adultrous;—for the harlot-king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain, plot-proof: but she
I can hook to me: Say, that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again. Who's there?

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. My lord?

Leo. How does the boy? 320

Atten. He took good rest to-night; 'tis hop'd,
His sickness is discharg'd.

Leo. To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Fasten'd, and fix'd the shame on't in himself;

Threw

You'd call your children your's.

Leo. A nest of traitors!

Ant. I am none, by this good light. 410

Paul. Nor I; nor any

But one, that's here; and that's himself:—For he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not
(For as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to't) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As-ever oak, or stone was sound.

Leo. A callat 420

Of boundless tongue; who late hath beat her hus-
band,

And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes.

Hence with it; and together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is your's;

And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold, my lords,

Altho' the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip; 430

The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay the
valley,

The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his
smiles;

The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger.—
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it

So

In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leo. Go on, go on :

Thou canst not speak too much ; I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

Lord. Say no more ;

Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I'the boldness of your speech.

260

Paul. I am sorry for't :

All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent : Alas, I have shew'd too much

The rashness of a woman : he is touch'd

To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's past
help,

Should be past grief. Do not receive affliction

At my petition, I beseech you ; rather

Let me be punish'd, that have minded you

Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,

Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman ;

270

The love I bore your queen—lo, fool again !—

I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children ;

I'll not remember you of my own lord,

Who is lost too. Take your patience to you,

And I'll say nothing.

Leo. Thou didst speak but well,

When most the truth ; which I receive much better

Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me

To the dead bodies of my queen and son ;

One grave shall be for both. Upon them shall

280

The causes of their death appear unto

Hermione hath suffer'd death ; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well !

[*Laying down the Child.*]

There lie ; and there thy character : there these ;

[*Laying down a Bundle.*]

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee,
pretty one,

And still rest thine.—The storm begins ;—Poor
wretch,

That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd 340

To loss, and what may follow !—Weep I cannot,

But my heart bleeds : and most accurs'd am I

To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewel !

The day frowns more and more ; thou art like to have

A lullaby too rough : I never saw

The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour !—

Well may I get aboard—This is the chace,

I am gone for ever. [*Exit, pursued by a Bear.*]

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between ten and
three and twenty ; or that youth would sleep out the
rest : for there is nothing in the *between* but getting
wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing,
fighting.—Hark you now ! — Would any but these
boil'd brains of nineteen, and two and twenty, hunt
this weather ? They have scar'd away two of my best
sheep ;

SCENE I.

The Court of Bohemia. Enter POLIXENES, and CAMILLO.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness denying thee any thing; a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my country: though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me: to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so; which is another spur to my departure. 41

Pol. As thou lov'st me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now: the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made: better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee. Thou having made me businesses, which none, without thee, can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done: which if I have not enough consider'd (as too much I cannot) to be more thankful to thee shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heap-ing friendships. Of that fatal country Sicilia, pr'y-thee speak no more: whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince

prince

Aut. Oh, that ever I was born!

[Groveling on the Ground.]

Clo. I' the name of me——

Aut. Oh, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!——

Clo. Alack, poor soul, thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. Oh, sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me, more than the stripes I have receiv'd; which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me. 150

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee. Come, lend me thy hand.

[Helping him up.]

Aut. Oh! good sir, tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor soul.

Aut. O good sir, softly, good sir: I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out. 160

Clo. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir; good sir, softly: you ha' done me a charitable office.

G

Clo.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want: Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart. 170

Clo. What manner of fellow was he, that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames: I knew him once a servant of the prince: I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipt out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipp'd out o' the court: they cherish it to make it stay there, and yet it will no more but abide. 180

Aut. Vices I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compass'd a motion of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in a rogue: some call him Autolicus.

Clo. Out upon him, prig! for my life, prig;—he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel. 191

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if

Upon his own report, and I believe it: 410
 He looks like sooth: He says, he loves my daughter,
 I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
 Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
 As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
 I think, there is not half a kiss to choose
 Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So she does any thing; though I report it
 That should be silent: if young Doricles
 Do light upon her, she shall bring him that 420
 Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. O master, if you did but hear the pedlar at the
 door, you would never dance again after a tabor and
 pipe; no, the bag-pipe could not move you: he sings
 several tunes, faster than you'll tell money; he utters
 them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears
 grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better: he shall come in.
 I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful mat-
 ter merrily set down; or a very pleasant thing indeed,
 and sung lamentably. 431

Ser. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all
 sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves:
 he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without
 bawdry (which is strange), with such delicate burdens
 of *dil-do's* and *fa-dings*: *jump her and thump her*: and
 where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were,
 mean

*Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears:
Pins, and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come buy of me, come: come buy, come buy,
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry: 471
Come buy, &c.*

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou should'st take no money of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

Mop. I was promis'd them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more than that, or there be liars. 480

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: 'may be, he has paid you more; which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets, where they should wear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kill-hole, to whistle off these secrets; but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are whispering. Clamour your tongues, and not a word more. 490

Mop. I have done. Come, you promis'd me a tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money?

Aut. Five justices hands at it; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: Another.—

Aut. This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones. 530

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one; and goes to the tune of, *Two maids wooing a man*: there's scarce a maid westward, but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

S O N G.

A. Get you hence, for I must go; 540
Where, it fits not you to know.

D. Whither? *M.* O, whither? *D.* Whither?
M. It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell:

D. Me too, let me go thither.

M. Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill:

D. If to either, thou do'st ill.

A. Neither. *D.* What, neither? *A.* Neither.

D. Thou hast sworn my love to be;

Hij

M. Thou

Shorten thy life one week. And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft ; who, of force, must know
The royal fool thou cop'st with——

Shep. O, my heart! 690

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and
made

More homely than thy state. For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt never see this knack (as
never

I mean thou shalt), we'll bar thee from succession ;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far than Deucalion off. Mark thou my words ;
Follow us to the court. Thou churl, for this time,
'Tho' full of our displeasure, yet we free thee 699
From the dead blow of it. And you, enchantment,
Worthy enough a herdsman ; yea him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee ; if ever, henceforth, thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to it. [Exit.

Per. Even here, undone !
I was not much affeard : for once, or twice,
I was about to speak ; and tell him plainly, 710
The self-same sun, that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike. Wilt please you, sir, be gone ?

[To FLORIZEL.
I told

I told you, what would come of this. 'Beseech you,
Of your own state take care :—this dream of mine—
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father?
Speak, ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think, 720
Nor dare to know that which I know. O sir,
[To FLORIZEL.

You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father dy'd,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels in dust.—O cursed wretch!
[To PERDITA.
That knew'st, this was the prince; and would'st ad-
venture

To mingle faith with him. Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd 730
To die when I desire. [Exit.

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not affear'd; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: What I was, I am:
More straining on, for plucking back; not following
My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper; at this time
He will allow no speech (which I do guess,
You do not purpose to him), and as hardly 740
Will

Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear :

Then, 'till the fury of his highness settle,

Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.

I think, Camillo——

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you, 'twould be thus !

How often said, my dignity would last

But till 'twere known !

Flo. It cannot fail, but by

750

The violation of my faith ; and then

Let nature crush the sides o'the earth together,

And mar the seeds within !—Lift up thy looks—

From my succession wipe me, father ! I

Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am ; and by my fancy : if my reason

Will thereto be obedient, I have reason ;

If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,

Do bid it welcome.

760

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it : but it does fulfil my vow ;

I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,

Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may

Be thereat glean'd ; for all the sun sees, or

The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide

In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath

To this my fair lov'd : Therefore, I pray you,

As you have ever been my father's friend,

When he shall miss me (as, in faith, I mean not

To

Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loth to be. Besides, you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of love;
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true:
I think, affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so? 870
There shall not, at your father's house, these seven
years,
Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
She is i'the rear of birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pity
She lacks instructions; for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir, for this;
I'll blush you thanks. 880

Flo. My prettiest Perdita.—
But, oh, the thorns we stand upon! Camillo,
Preserver of my father, now of me;
The medicine of our house! how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son;
Nor shall appear in Sicily—

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think, you know, my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if 890

As your fair princess, goddess!——oh! alas!
 I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
 Might thus have stood begetting wonder, as 160
 You, gracious couple, do! and then I lost
 (All mine own folly) the society,
 Amity too of your brave father; whom
 Though bearing misery, I desire my life
 Once more to look on.

Flo. Sir, by his command
 Have I here touch'd Sicilia; and from him
 Give you all greetings, that a king, a friend
 Can send his brother: and, but infirmity
 (Which waits upon worn times), hath something
 seiz'd 170

His wish'd ability, he had himself
 The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
 Measur'd, to look upon you, whom he loves
 (He bade me say so), more than all the sceptres,
 And those that bear them, living.

Leo. Oh, my brother!
 (Good gentleman) the wrongs I have done thee, stir
 Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
 So rarely kind, are as interpreters 179.
 Of my behind-hand slackness! Welcome hither,
 As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
 Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage,
 At least, ungentle, of the dreadful Neptune,
 To greet a man, not worth her pains; much less,
 The adventure of her person?

Flo.

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leo. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose
daughter

190

His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence
(A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness: my best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here, where we are.

Leo. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issue-less; and your father's bless'd
(As he from heaven merits it), with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you!

200

210

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That, which I shall report, will bear no credit,
Were

Were not the proof so high. Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself, by me :
Desires you to attach his son, who has,
His dignity and duty both cast off,
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leo. Where's Bohemia ? speak.

Lord. Here in your city ; I now came from him.
I speak amazedly ; and it becomes 221
My marvel, and my message. To your court
Whilst he was hastning (in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple), meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me ;
Whose honour and whose honesty, 'till now
Endur'd all weathers. 230

Lord. Lay't so to his charge ;
He's with the king your father.

Leo. Who ? Camillo ?

Lord. Camillo, sir ; I spake with him ; who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake : they kneel, they kiss the earth ;
Forswear themselves as often as they speak :
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths, in death.

Per. Oh, my poor father !—— 240
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leo.

Leo. You are marry'd?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first;
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leo. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife. 250

Leo. That *once*, I see, by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry
(Most sorry), you have broken from his liking,
Where you were ty'd in duty: and as sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up:
Though Fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us, with my father; power no jot
Hath she to change our loves. 'Beseech you, sir,
Remember, since you ow'd no more to time 261
Than I do now: with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate. At your request,
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.

Leo. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mis-
tress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month
'Fore your queen dy'd, she was more worth such
gazes

Than what you look on now. 270

Leo.

Leo. I thought of her,

Even in these looks I made.—But your petition

[To FLORIZEL.

Is yet unanswer'd: I will to your father;

Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,

I am friend to them, and you : upon which errand

I now go toward him ; therefore, follow me,

And mark what way I make. Come, good my lord.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. Enter AUTOLICUS, and a Gentleman.

Aut. 'Beseech you, sir, were you present at this
lation?

279

1 *Gent.* I was by at the opening of the farthel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber. Only this, methought, I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1 *Gent.* I make a broken delivery of the business ; but the changes I perceived in the king, and Camillo, were very notes of admiration : they seem'd almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes. There was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture ; they look'd, as they had heard of a world ransom'd, or one destroy'd : A notable passion

the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, oh, the noble combat, that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declin'd for the loss of her husband; another elevated that the oracle was fulfill'd. She lifted the princess from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

357

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

3 *Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes (caught the water, though not the fish), was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it (bravely confess'd, and lamented by the king), how attentiveness wounded his daughter: 'till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an *alas!* I would fain say, bled tears; for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble, there changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal. 371

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3 *Gent.* No. The princess, hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina, a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is

her

her ape: He so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer. Thither with all greediness of affection are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

383

2 *Gent.* I thought, she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately twice or thrice a-day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 *Gent.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifts to our knowledge. Let's along.

[*Exeunt.*]

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him, I heard them talk of a farthel, and I know not what: but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter (so he then took her to be), who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me: for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relish'd among my other discredits.

403

Enter Shepherd, and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Lij

Shep.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it. 440

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his friend: And I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands; and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it: and, I would, thou would'st be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power. 449

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: if I do not wonder how thou dar'st venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark! the king's and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

PAULINA'S House. Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, and Attendants.

Leo. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort That I have had of thee!

L i i j

Paul.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him, that was the cause of this, have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself. 520

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought, the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you (for the stone is mine),
I'd not have shew'd it.

Leo. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't; lest your
fancy
May think anon, it moves.

Leo. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he, that did make it? See, my lord, 530
Would you not deem, it breath'd? and that those
veins

Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leo. The fixure of her eye has motion in't,
As we were mock'd with art.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain.
My lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon, it lives.

Leo. O sweet Paulina, 540
Make me to think so twenty years together:
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

Paul.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you ;
but

I could afflict you further.

Leo. Do, Paulina ;

For this affliction has a taste as sweet

As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,

There is an air comes from her. What fine chisel

Could ever yet cut breath ? let no man mock me,

For I will kiss her.

551

Paul. Good my lord, forbear :

The ruddiness upon her lip is wet ;

You'll mar it, if you kiss it ; stain your own

With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain ?

Leo. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I

Stand by, a looker on.

Paul. Either forbear,

Quit presently the chapel ; or resolve you

560

For more amazement : If you can behold it,

I'll make the statue move, indeed ; descend,

And take you by the hand : but then you'll think,

Which I protest against, I am assisted

By wicked powers.

Leo. What you can make her do,

I am content to look on : what to speak,

I am content to hear ; for 'tis as easy

To make her speak, as move.

Paul. It is requir'd,

570

You do awake your faith : Then, all stand still :

Or

and

place

h. m.

6

rect

Paul

rely

first

xviii



LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Arm. *Boy what sign is it, when a man
of great spirit grows melancholy.*

Act I.

Scene 2.

Shakespeare, William, / Johnson, Samuel, / Steevens, George,

The Winter's Tale

London 1786

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